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Notice.

Subscribers in town and country are informed that a quarter's subscription to Michaelmas next is now due. An immediate remittance is urgently and respectfully requested.

* * Mr. Frederick Bird is the only authorised collector for the MUSICAL WORLD.

* * It is requested that in future all post-office orders be made out in favor of Mr. J. W. Davison, and that all letters and other communications be addressed to him, at the publisher's, instead of, as heretofore, to Mr. Purkess.

Augustine Wade.

The rays of genius are as the rays of light, by diffusion they lose in power and brilliancy what they gain in variety and beauty. Concentration and individuality are but rarely concomitants of Irish genius. That irritability of temperament, which is one of the principal moving forces of Irish character, is eternally pressing on its possessor towards some novel speculation in business or literature, and the foundation, though solid, is incapable of sustaining superstructure upon superstructure. We seldom find among sons of the Sister Isle that mental development which perseverance and fixidity of purpose alone can evolve into profundity. Even the all-grasping mind of Edmund Burke was partially dissipated in the vast space of universal knowledge. Generally speaking, nothing can be more distinct than English and Irish genius. To the former belongs the conciseness of power, to the latter its fragmental forces: in its fire, heat is the property of one, flame of the other. Judgment and Reflection may be contrasted with Versatility and Imagination; Concentration with Diffusiveness; Clearness with Quickness; and Taste with Accomplishment. In the statistics of Hibernian talent, we shall find, with few or no exceptions, versatility its main feature. Among the moderns the two happiest instances we can adduce are Tom Moore and the subject of this sketch. Of the many names that might be brought forward in illustration of our remarks from the catalogue of Irish intellect, we can find none of more varied powers than Augustine Wade. He was no mean poet; in his prose

writing he was chaste and elegant; in his music he combined the inspiration of genius with great artistic acquirement; his classical knowledge was deep and extensive; he was an excellent linguist; an able surgeon; dramatist; operatist; violinist; pianist; comic writer; critic; conversationist; wit—in short, he ran through almost all human accomplishments, and stopped short at one only—Eloquence. Strange to say, that he who could in casual converse instruct multitudes, and keep tables in a roar, could hardly give vent to a phrase when he was called on to make a speech. This at the first blush might seem to be an unaccountable freak of Nature, but the examples of such failing are by no means few, and, when we consider the nervous temperament and excitability of Augustine Wade, we get rid, in some respects, of its unaccountableness. It is a different thing, and requires a different modification of mind altogether, to shine in conversation, and attract in a set speech. Colloquy and monologue demand as separate mental conformation as two distinct arts. Addison's mind was literally restricted to his pen, and we very much question even if the Polyphemus of literature, Doctor Johnson, would have blazoned as an orator: at least we have his own hesitation to corroborate, or, more properly, originate our assertion.

Augustine Wade was born, we believe, in Dublin, in the year 1796 or 7. He finished his education in Trinity College, attending, during his sojourn there, the lectures in the Royal College of Surgeons. He was intended for the healing, or rather cutting, profession, but his natural inclination for music gave him a distaste for dissection and the horrors of the knife. Harrison and Munro were laid aside for Crotch and Cherubini; the bow superseded the scalpel, and anatomy faded before harmony and thorough bass. It was at this period that he became acquainted with Sir John Stevenson, whose unhesitatingly declared opinions of the young surgeon had a serious change on his fortunes. He threw up his profession in disgust, and applied himself with great earnestness for some time to the practice and theory of music. Unfortunately one day he found out he could write poetry. This carried him off in a new track, and music, the late love of his soul, was sacrificed to another divinity. But his new idol was not so favorable as his old Goddess, and after the satiety of this moral *lune de miel*, he went back to

his pristine affection. We thus behold him hesitating or pendulating between two directions of his mental powers. He was not one of those who could "take the instant by the forward top;" and we have thus a clue to his comparatively low position in the scale of men of genius. He was now fired with the ambition of exhibiting his abilities on a wider arena than Dublin could afford him. In 1826, his opera, entitled "The Two Houses of Granada," was produced at Drury Lane. It was got up on a magnificent scale, and the cast was powerful. The principal characters were undertaken by Braham, Horn, Downton, Pope, Harley, Mrs. Geesin, Miss Cubitt, and Miss Graddon. The entire of the music, its instrumentation and orchestral scoring, were from his own unassisted pen. The libretto was also written by him. "The Two Houses of Granada" had a long and favorable run. One ballad in the opera, sung by Braham, was particularly successful, "Oh, do you remember the first time I met you." The melody was sweet and vocal, though something too high for moderate voices, and the words, which we shall quote, give a tolerable notion of his lyric capabilities.

O! do you remember the first time I met you,
Your cheek breathing roses, your eyes beaming blue;
Yet so tenderly sweet as if evening had let you
Mix twilight and roses in their lovely hue.
 Slowly was the night-bell ringing,
 Faint and sweet the vespers singing,
Short the moments I could gaze upon thy beauty's smile:
Ding, dong, evening bell!
I then sigh'd "farewell"—
Don't you remember—remember, love, remember—
Ding, dong, evening bell!
Ding, dong, bell!

Oh! yes, tho' my path was on mountain or billow,
Still, still on thy loveliness fondly I hung;
And at night-time thou wert the sweet dream of my pillow,
By daylight the music my memory sung.
 Slowly was the night bell ringing &c.

Miss Graddon's song "Love was once a little boy," was also eminently successful. A story is told of this ballad which goes far to prove how little a man's judgment on his own compositions can be trusted. After the first rehearsal, (either from Miss Graddon's careless singing, or that Wade was hurt from hearing some very kind friend, one of those who are always on the look out for plagiarisms, cry out, "why, that's note for note Haydn's *Surprise*,") he wanted the song omitted. Tom Cooke very strongly urged him to retain it. Its success was very great. In 1828 he produced an oratorio, whose name we do not remember. It was clever and that was all. The popularity of "Meet me by Moonlight" is too well known to need any remark. It still holds rank among the best standard ballads of England. At this time he contributed largely to the London periodicals, and we believe was co-editor of the *Harmonicon*. He also published a musical manual, entitled, "A Hand Book for the Piano." A volume of poetry also proceeded from his pen, comprising "Dwellings

of Fancy," "The Songs of the Flowers," and "Darby the Swift." He was now culminating in his highest point of popularity. His mind was not strong enough to endure the acclamations of thousands. Encomium acted on him as an opiate rather than a stimulant. He did not think that they who lavished praises to day would forget to morrow why they lavished it; that the public are never satisfied with isolated instances of excellence, and that fame demands renewal more than surprise. He had written one successful work, and having pleased the many, he thought the many could not cease to think of him. He was mistaken. Latterly, for several years before he died, he was not merely unremembered but, with reference to the public, positively *unknown*. Whether it was indolence, or that his avocations as a journalist led his steps aside from composition in music, we cannot aver, but that which originated his popularity and would have confirmed it, was given up, or so seldom resumed, as to amount to a novelty. His habits were extremely erratic. His greatest pleasure was to sit up all night with a bevy of roaring blades, drinking, smoking, and contesting. He would preside at the head of a table for eighteen hours together, with untiring spirit and perseverance, and having seen every man dispatched to his home or laid on the floor, would bawl out lustily for the landlord to come and *finish the night* with him. Many anecdotes are told of him, which exhibit him in a very whimsical light. He was more of a humourist than a wit. He was much beloved by his acquaintances for the estimable qualities of his head and heart. A true Irishman, he was generous to a fault, but unfortunately reckless like most of his countrymen. We have little doubt, had Augustine Wade devoted himself to music alone, or any especial branch of literature, he would have become a very superior man, but diversity of employment separated his strength and refrigerated his intellect. His productions exhibit his genius more in possibility than accomplishment. What he has done displays capabilities of a high order, but his compositions induce us to declare with the amateur in Goldsmith, "that the picture would have been better had the painter taken more pains." In conclusion, he will be regretted by his friends on the score of his kindness and goodness; by his acquaintances for his amiable deportment and the fascination of his discourse; by musical and literary men for his art and his genius; and by his enemies—no—poor Augustine Wade reckoned but one enemy in the world—and that was—**HIMSELF**.

D. R.

On the Origin of Musical Terms.

BY SEBASTIAN FRONT.

I have a notion it will be doing the *Musical World*—I mean the readers thereof—a very essential benefit, to elucidate in as clear a manner as possible, the technics used in

music, and for this purpose I have turned my attention lately to their derivation, tracing each word, or endeavouring to do so, up to the fountain head. Like Malone, I have made up for my want of intellect by minuteness and labour, and I may fearlessly assert, no work touching on the subject has eluded my researches from Fryshan, the Egyptian etymologist, to French Flowers, the Anglo-Saxon contrapuntist. I beg pardon—I have erred upon the threshold. French Flowers' work has not yet appeared, but it *ought*, considering its prospective sensation, and the number of its advertisements. If all readers of the *Musical World* were as learned as its letter-writers, I should have been spared a task from which, I am well aware, I shall derive nought save the consciousness of working for the public weal: and, if mayhap, some little vanity ooze out in the confidence of my superior powers of discrimination, and the amount of my investigations, it is a vanity, which, though the moderns may revile, future ages will approve. Yes, I will acknowledge, an amiable pride comes over me, when I behold in anticipation the name of Sebastian Front coupled with those oracles of glory that have lent light to the world—at least the *Musical World*. That torrent of eloquence in one's own behalf, that assurance which makes self the focus of all the rays of genius and supreme judgment, haply I may have gained from perusing the hebdomadal epistles in this journal—for I heartily believe myself, both as regards intelligence and acquirement, placed as far above French Flowers, Molyneux, Musica, J. M. X., Edward Clare, and other weakly contributors in the *Musical World*, as the pinnacle of Parnassus overtops Primrose Hill. But I do not wish to speak of myself: if I possess one virtue in excess, it is modesty. Though my learning be suspected, and my intellect a matter of doubt, modesty is a quality of which neither pedagogue pretension, nor obloquy can deprive me. Yes! I congratulate myself I do possess in abundance one other virtue—truth. Perhaps I have one or two more, it may be as exorbitant as the former: but to these I shall not allude—as I said before, it likes me not to speak of myself. I shall now without further preface, proceed to the subject of this notice, viz., the Origin of Musical Terms, commencing with the simplest and commonest words.

HARMONY.—This term is of Scottish descent. In Macfarlan's *Synopsis* we find the following explanation. Let the reader take the quaint old Scotchman's own words:—"Harmony - *quasi* harm-ony, or *any harm*, forsooth, as it were, to portend, *lucus a non lucendo*, that there existeth in no wise *any harm* in him in whose nature the love of music abideth." Although incongruous, the derivation is satisfactory.

MELODY.—This comes from either *mellow day*, which is a beautiful and truthful analogy; or from *Molly dear*, a natural similitude, taken from an object of affection, and which only requires a few verbal transpositions to make perfectly clear. The first interpretation I have met with in "Filby on the "Bath Dialect;" the latter, in Sir Patrick Murphy's "Hibernian Idylls." If the reader be not pleased with either of these, we are sorry we cannot offer him another.

ORATORIO.—This is of Irish extraction, and is fully explained in "The Annals of the Four Masters." As it were, "O'er-a-Tory-O; (it must be remembered Tory was the original *soubriquet* for an Irish rapparee) a howl over the dead body of a robber." By a very natural modulation it came to signify a sacred chant in Exeter Hall. This is quite clear.

FLATS AND SHARPS may be better exemplified by illus-

tration than research. *Vide* correspondence of the *Musical World*, *passim*.

PASTORAL is elucidated by Petersham in his "Rural Ethics." "Pastoral," he says, "*derivatur*, since that when the Corydon of the fields tended his fleecy flocks, it was his wont for to seat himself upon a rising eminence, and playing his tune upon his pipe, of a necessity the music *past-o'er-all*. Good!

FAN-TASIA: ADA-GIO: ANNE-DANTE: ALLY-GRO, &c. &c. are no other than terms pilfered from the nomenclature of young ladies, and applied characteristically to the various motives in music. How beautiful that music should owe so much to the fair sex, and still more beautiful that the fair sex should owe so much to music!

FINALE.—It cost me much pains before I could light upon the origin of this word. I have, at last, after months of trouble and expense, found it clearly set forth in a very rare work, entitled, "*De Critica Mirabilia*," from the pen of the celebrated Polish historiographer of the fourteenth century, Poniatowsky Fschitschschkin. It is derived from *Fin*, or rather *Fphin*, an uproar, and *ala*, or *hala*, a flock of geese. This is true and lucid.

COUNTERPOINT.—Fordyce's "*Multiplex*" explains this satisfactorily. "*Counter*, or against, *point*, or wit." That which demands no claim whatsoever on the imagination—which dunces may learn, and pedagogues indoctrinate.

FUGUE is a word which not only puzzled the commentators on musical terms, but has nearly defied my own critical acumen and most rigorous research. However, I fancy I have untied the Gordian knot. In the Bodleian Library is a very scarce work, bearing date 1687, with the curious title, "*Philamoth Frambold*," by *Pillydolka*. Dr. Parr supposed it to be the production of either Roger Ascham, Tom Durfey, or General Nott. I myself have no hesitation in ascribing it to the quaint and humorous Sir Roger de Coverley, whose wit has been handed down in the "*Spectator*," and his sprightliness in the country dance. Was it at all necessary for a critic to show reasons for his belief or conviction, I should give mine at once. But it would be unprecedented, besides setting forth a bad example. In the "*Philamoth Frambold*," which, by the way, is indited in tolerably choice Latin, we find the following passage. I translate it for the use of all the readers in the *Musical World*. The author is speaking of the application of technical terms to arts and sciences. Touching upon music, he says—"Among the Germans, technics are used *meliore propinquitate*," which, being interpreted, means, *in happier assimilation*. "To take one term from many, *ex uno disce omnes*, that species or kind of music called Fugue, so repulsive to common understandings, they derive from *fugo*, to put to flight; because, at such a performance, every body of taste and discrimination is necessarily induced to take up his hat and walk"—a felicitous and veritable use of the word. We should be satisfied with this derivation, did we not find one still more happy and indigenous in "Calthorpe's *Pundits*." "Fugue," says that amiable and erudite divine, "is manifestly taken from the two English words, *few-go*, because very few indeed ever trouble themselves to go hear it."

Covent Garden Flower Market, August 10, 1845.

(To be continued.)

[While subscribing to the great research of our contributor, we would not too much insist on the veracity of his deductions. Let our readers judge for themselves.—ED. M. W.]

Melophonic Society.

(From a Correspondent.)

This society gave, what they term, one of their rehearsal concerts at Blagrove's Rooms, on Friday evening. I send you a few lines on the subject. These meetings in Mortimer Street are not advertised; they are attended by the members and their friends only, the public concerts being always held in Store Street. The performance consisted of *Acis and Galatea*, and a selection, including Beethoven's *Choral Fantasia*. Handel's serenata is, I believe, considered the finest musical pastoral in existence, although I know not what rank is assigned to it among the rest of the author's works. But steeped as it is in the spirit of pastoral poetry, it has not to my apprehension entirely escaped a taint from the age in which it was written. In fact, there are but three or four of the solo pieces that I could ever entirely and heartily admire. Among these is the famous "Ruddier than the cherry," an outburst of animal spirits worthy of the god who utters it. "Love in her eyes for ever plays," and the well-known trio, "The flocks shall leave the mountains," are, in their way, quite equal to it, the latter especially, for the beauty and simplicity of its melody is completely modern. These have always appeared to me to be the three gems of the solo pieces, among which, if excision might be here and there found desirable, not a note could be spared from the choruses. The wonder of the work is, undoubtedly, "Wretched lovers quit your dream." The grandeur of the outline in this chorus, its ever varying and magnificent harmonies, the force of its dramatic effect, all proclaim it one of the master-pieces of its author. The confusion and dismay of the terror-stricken peasantry at the appearance of the monster-god contaminating the very air as he approaches, are given with a truth and power that show what a deep insight Handel must have had into the spirit of the Grecian Mythologies.

Criticism at rehearsals is, perhaps, scarcely allowable. The far-famed "Ruddier than the cherry," was committed to Mr. Collet. It may be doubted whether this song ever had a proper executant until it was delivered from the thunder-breathing throat of Staudigl, a year or two ago, at Drury Lane Theatre. There was, in this gentleman's style of singing it, a heartiness, a robustness of enjoyment, which we may in vain hope to see rivalled. Mr. Collett, however, got through his task very creditably. Beethoven's fantasia was excellently played by Miss Dinah Farmer, who, by the way, has more attractions about her than those at her fingers' ends. Miss Ley sang an extremely pretty ballad of Balfe's—"Woman's heart"—for which she obtained a well-merited encore. Mr. Lockey gave a new MS. canzonet of Köhl, which also was called for again, and equally well deserved the repetition—after which I left. The room was crammed.

J. G.

Musings of a Musician.

BY HENRY C. LUNN.

"Why these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Notes, notes, forsooth, and noting!"

SHAKESPEARE.

No. XXXII.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN VOCALISTS.

Whenever a certain idea has been handed down from generation to generation, I always conceive that, however unpleasant it may be to the feelings of some persons, there *must* have been some truth in it from the

first. If, therefore, a stigma have clung to a nation for any length of time, the best thing for that nation to do, instead of imagining it to be intended as a direct insult, is to consider calmly whether there be really any positive foundation for the imputation, and, if there be, to set about the most certain and speedy means of removing it.

One of these ideas, which has been extensively circulated for many years, is that we are not a musical people. The origin of this, I have before endeavoured to show, was in times gone by, when music was an effeminate luxury, and fighting a manly occupation; when warriors were exalted to the highest stations, and fiddlers were kicked down stairs. Having now, however, recovered our senses, we are rapidly progressing in the arts and sciences; other countries are beginning to appreciate our numerous artists, and England is proudly taking rank as a musical nation.

But before this desirable result can be fully accomplished, much remains to be done. There are many points in which we are vastly inferior to our continental neighbours; and it strikes me that it shows a much truer love for the art to acknowledge this fact, than to disguise it. In the endeavour to prove that we are capable both of creating and of executing first-rate musical works, we are very apt to push forward matters somewhat too fast, and this it is which has given rise to the notion that vocalists of every country are immeasurably superior to those of England. In this, I fear, there is too much truth, and the question is, why should it be so?

Many persons say that the English people do not naturally possess the fine vocal organs which are continually to be found in Italy, Germany, and France, and that, consequently, the utmost that we can do is to work on the inferior materials which nature has given us. This, however, although partially true, I do not admit to be the chief reason of our inferiority. In my opinion, the main cause lies in our mode of education.

On the continent, when a person discovers that he has a really good voice, he immediately commences a course of arduous study—testing its true quality, and sagging at exercises, until he has rendered himself fully capable of sustaining a part in an opera. Then, and not *fill* then, he makes his appearance before a public audience, and at once takes his stand, not as a promising singer with a good voice, but as a finished vocalist. In England the case is entirely different, and, until we make some alteration it is useless to hope for the advance of the vocal art, or the successful establishment of a National opera. Let us now take an instance.

Mr. A. or Mr. B. is a young man just of the proper age to enter some profession. He happens to possess a good voice, which, at the earnest wish of numerous young ladies of his acquaintance, he continually exercises on the fashionable ballads of the day. Finding, however, that he is wasting his talents in singing trifling ballads, he soon learns Italian and commences long operatic compositions. Now begins the absurd adulation of his friends. If he have a bass voice, it is pronounced as fine as that of Lablache, and, if a tenor, it merely wants a little cultivation to equal that of Rubini. The young man is perhaps naturally not a fool, but who can be proof against continual praise—and how many are apt to mistake the opinion of a *coterie* for that of the world? He resolves to enter the profession, and engages a master. As soon as he has practiced a few scales, and thoroughly comprehended every thing that he *has to learn*, he comes upon the stage to *learn them*. The public pay for his education, and the manager gives him so much a week for allowing himself to be educated.

Now all this may be very well, and very pleasant too, for the individual, but to the art it is prejudicial in the extreme. Having commenced his study precisely in the place where he should have finished it, there is little hope that even time and practice can ever raise him to a level with the operatic singers of other countries.

The English audience is an indulgent one, but if we would take a high rank with continental artists, we must be mindful of what *they* think of us. Who, for instance, ever hears that Grisi is getting on very well with her singing, that Lablache is improving satisfactorily, or that Staudigl may probably become a vocalist in time?—all these persons are finished singers *before* they appear—they have been educated *off the stage*, and come before a public audience to exhibit the *result* of their education; the weak parts of their voices have been tested in private, and the best means have been adopted to strengthen and improve them. *This* it is which invariably marks the difference between British and foreign vocalists.

In speaking of the first appearance of one of our native singers we do not so often hear that his *voice* is bad as that his *style* is defective—that he requires much practice, and that he may make a singer in time. These and other observations of the kind, are not likely to impress continental artists with much respect for our usual mode of teaching; and, when they see that many of our more ambitious vocalists never consider their education complete unless they have quitted England for a time, to study under foreign masters, it is little to be wondered at that the notion

of English singers being inferior to those of other musical countries should gain ground rapidly. As I have before said, the most rational way of meeting this is to discover the root of the evil, and if, as I believe, this lies not so much in the inferiority of the voices as in the usual mode of training them, we have but to model ourselves upon those whose style we admire, and there can be little doubt that the result would fully repay us for the trouble. More study and less display in the early part of their professional education, would create a class of vocalists such as we have never yet seen in England, and such as our continental neighbours would now, perhaps, scarcely believe.

Winter's Evening,

A Recollection,

BY DESMOND RYAN.

I do remember me a time of old,
Upon a Winter's evening, when the sun
Had twilight left to bid his farewell cold—
Like Joy that leaves us Mem'ry when 'tis gone :
I stood beside a river's brink alone,
And gazed upon a scene so calm—so still—
And caught from all around the mirror'd tone
When Nature lull'd—serene and peaceable—
Will hail you with a smile, and mock you with a chill.

Hush'd as the grave—the winds were absent all—
No breeze awoke the river's slumbering bed ;
You would have heard the lightest leaflet fall—
If that it were not long since numbered
'Mong ev'ry other fated thing that's dead :
No human hum, nor bustle reach'd mine ear—
No watch-dog's bark—no whistle hither sped—
My breath felt like the sob of some one near—
But all around was lone, and passionless, and drear.

The Eve of promise, when the sun is down,
With song-birds hymning to their welcome Spring :
The fading gold of Summer's setting crown—
Meek Autumn's roseate shades soft mellowing,
Their rich varieties of beauty lend :—
Or fiercer Nature rougher charms will bring,
And thought on thought in wonderment will blend,
Waking the heart to joy when elements contend.

But here with Nature's mien unchangeable—
When Heav'n and Earth like aspect seem to wear—
When twilight looks upon you with that chill,
Faint, rigid smile—that cold and lifeless stare—
Reflection's self grows numb'd and will not dare
To move the pulseless heart, but falls asleep
Rock'd in his apathy—and to his lair
Remembrance, like a tear-tired child, will creep,
And Sorrow flies afar since here she may not weep.

* * * * *

Who would forego this life of reckless maze,
Its soaring wishes and its drooping fears,
In alternation chequered o'er his days
Mid smiles of dalliance and the rack of tears—
To be the frigid toy no soul endears—
An unfelt being in this world, and lone—
To linger on in unexcited years—
To know another's pang without a groan—
Whom Feeling could not claim, nor Passion call her own.

Enough! enough! we pause where we began—
The twilight pass'd and Heav'n her starry light
Shed o'er the earth from orbs empyrean—
Around me waved the cloak of coming night
And roused me from my dream to speedy flight :—
And such the scene that comes across my brow
In this sad hour, when Memory makes me bow
To all my earlier visions makes me bow—
O'er which my feeble pen hath pondered lightly now.

Lines on a Portrait,

(From La Belle Assemblée)

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

There is a beauty that doth win, tho' rare,
For tribute only icy admiration ;
Like scentless flowers, whose gorgeous hues declare
That they are children of another nation.
But thou art like our own dear rose, or yet
More richly dower'd blue-eyed violet ;
For the bright rose a thorny armour chooses,
And so some forfeit from her sweet wealth loses.

The soulless flowers we leave upon the stem,
For small the joy its presence can impart ;
But thou, sweet lady, likest are to them
We seek to win, and garner near the heart.
Intelligence, high thoughts, and woman's grace,
Make yet more lovely that surpassing face :
Thou art the flower, where'er our footsteps roam,
That sheds a charm around an English home!

Consumption,

(AN IMPROMPTU)

From La Belle Assemblée,

BY WILLIAM HENRY FISK.

How stealthily Consumption o'er the frame
Of a fair blue-ey'd girl once stole! It seem'd
That she was born when April suns first gleam'd
Upon the infant year. Then, smiling, came
The jocund summer, whose soft breathing drew
Sweet varied blossoms from the verdant soil ;
And to the summer of her youth did coil
Tendrils of loveliness, 'mid which there grew
A gentle virtue. But, alas! e'er long,
There crept a hectic flush upon her cheek,
Which came like ruddy Autumn to the year,
Telling that it must die; and when the song
Of woodbirds dwindled, as the winds blew bleak,
Then to her grave she drooped, with many a tear!

Sonnet,

BY GEORGE J. O. ALLMAN.

" L'Amour est l'ombre de L'Aurore qui se décline à la marche du jour—L'Amitié
est l'ombre du soir, qui se renforce au coucher du Soleil de la vie "

Love, and its happy dream,
Is like the Sun's first beam
That o'er each dewy flower brightly dances;
But even as the Day more far advances
Is of its charm bereft,
And nought of Love is left!

Friendship, (more lasting far)
Is like the Evening Star,
Which, when Life's parting shadows lengthen
And it sun sets—doth ever strengthen—
Its light ne'er overcast,
But shining to the last.

Verses for Music.

Weep not, weep not—though Hope's bright vase be broken,
Bid Sorrow's clouds now from thy brow depart,
Though flowers may die, say can this be a token
That Friendship fades, or blight hath sear'd the heart?

Smile on, smile on, yon sky with joy and brightness
Would lure thee on to brave each unkind dart.
Thy mind should only feel Joy's airy lightness—
Love's sweetest gift—the sunshine of the heart.

Original Correspondence.

(ADVERTISEMENT.)

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Dear Sir,—

Permit me, through the medium of your journal, to caution country professors from being imposed upon, by having purloined copies of my advertised works sent them, which cannot happen if they forward their orders to the appointed agents, or through any respectable music-seller. To prevent disappointment, I have determined to sign every copy with my own hand, and none henceforth can be considered genuine which is without my original autograph on the title-page.

I am, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

EDWARD CLARE.

P.S.—Vide the "Times" of May 2, 1845.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

CLARE *versus* LORD FIVE-TWENTY ONETHS, F. B. L.

Dear Sir,

The noble defendant, in the above cause, is charged with wantonly and maliciously breaking through a certain fence, which separated my grounds from his premises, and of doing serious damage to my preserves, contrary to the statute-law and that of polite society. His lordship admits the act, but contends that he scaled the fence without injury to the freehold, and that he did it by means of a mechanical contrivance which gives the exact breadth or height of a wall or any other solid obstruction that may stand in his way; aye! even to a tenth-part-of-an-eighth seventy fifth and three oneths and a half, and that the said invention is his own, for which he thinks of taking out a patent, and that the experiment was only made by way of trial of its truth and accuracy. Now as the noble Lord has only delivered part of his defence, and has not arrived at an explanation why he selected my *conservatoire* to experimentalize upon, it is not at present quite plain that the terms "wantonly and maliciously" will be brought home to the noble defendant, although the overt act has been proved: and it would be unjust to convict until a fair hearing has been given. Judgment is therefore deferred "*pro tem.*"

Your's, &c.

EDWARD CLARE.

P.S. *Serio.* Several typographical errors occur in my last letter, which I dare say may be attributed to my illegible writing.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Dear Sir,—

Liverpool, August 8, 1845.

Mr. Edward Clare commences the third paragraph of his letter very seriously: he says, "I believe the natural scale (diatonic major) to be a series of sounds, arbitrary and fixed in their nature, because mathematical calculation cannot find them out. If I am right, &c. Mr. Clare writes specifically to support his own peculiar imaginings about a scale which divides the twelve intervals of the semitonic scale into nineteen parts; and yet there is no specification of how the nineteen sounds so separated are found, or of how they are mutually to accord with each other. Who ought to care about the belief of any man, when there are as many opinions as there are sharers in the absurdity; and, when it has been demonstrated that there are no such scales of sounds in existence, except vaguely in the brains of men who have neither heard them nor found them out! As misfortunes are, so are mistakes—they never come singly. By "the nature of a scale (diatonic major)" does Mr. Clare mean to speak of a scale without flat or sharp notes? or does he point to a scale of sounds which even young children sing naturally: because such sounds are symmetrical? Mr. Clare "believes this series to be arbitrary and fixed in their nature." Arbitrary signifies despotic, absolute, depending upon no rule, capricious. What can Mr. Clare mean by such sounds being fixed in their nature? If their nature depend upon no rule, if it be capricious, how can such sounds be fixed? I can easily understand how "mathematical calculations cannot find them out;" but I cannot understand how any person can have the modest assurance to so far trespass upon the credulity of your readers as thus to beg the question, and proceed to say "if I am right?" The scope of the whole of this third paragraph is that of an uninformed presumption, which very exactly comports itself with the slovenly process, and slovenly manipulation of an experiment with a needless number of monochords; and with the slovenly psalmody of some slovenly Mr. Clare. With all this lack of knowledge in musical physiology, and of the means to string his words together, so as to express himself clearly, does Mr. Clare venture forth to say that the imaginary quarter tones in five whole and two half tones amount to nineteen exactly!

Mr. Edward Clare is an excessively stray experimentalist; but I will show him how his butcher, or his grocer, or his ironmonger may assist him to be less so. Let Mr. Clare procure an Æolian harp, "if he can get it," and thereto at one end attach thirteen strings of equal weight and length. Let his butcher, or his grocer, or his ironmonger furnish him with the required amount of weights in pounds, ounces, and drachms. Let him append to the other end of these thirteen strings the following weights, in order to stretch them simultaneously: namely, for his key-note 8 0 0; for his major second note, in the subdominant chord, 9 14 0; for ditto, (in the dominant chord) 10 2 0; for his tonic minor third note, 10 14 1; for his tonic major third note, 12 8 0; for his fourth note, (in the dominant chord) 13 12 7; for ditto, (in the subdominant chord, 14 3 8; for his fifth note, (in the tonic, dominant, or subdominant chords) 18 0 0; for his minor sixth note, (in the subdominant and dominant chords) 19 5 11; for his major sixth note, (in the subdominant chord) 22 3 8; for ditto, (in the dominant chord) 22 12 8; for his major seventh note, 28 2 0; and for his eighth note, 32 0 0. "This scale of sounds" in both modes, "then," Mr. Clare will find "is the rule;" and his "ear is the guide to show that the relative distances of the sounds" are correct. The key-notes may be fixed by a moveable bridge, which must be parallel with the bridge at the weighted end of the strings. Further to show that Mr. Clare's pretension to "calculation" is a mere affectation, shall be the object of my next letter upon this subject.

Yours, truly,
J. MOLINEUX.

Review.

The Progress of Music on the Continent of Europe, from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time. (Craddock and Co., Paternoster Row, 1845.)

A small Pamphlet bearing the above longitudinal title, has been submitted to us for examination. It is published in the "New Library of Useful Knowledge." It is a work of pretension and research, embracing, though in a compendious form, the history of music, from the highest period to which it can possibly be traced, down to our own times. In the space of sixty pages we find this little book comprising the pith of most of what has been written, by Burney, Stafford, Hogarth, and other writers on music, while it contains in abundance, original remarks entertaining and instructive, with a sufficient amount of philosophical and argumentative display to rescue it from the nomenclature of a mere hand-book. The connoisseur will find it equally useful with the tyro. The author observes, "It is a sketch intended, and will prove, as a guide to those who wish to acquire a more extensive knowledge of the history of music, whilst it gives a view of the progress of that delightful art, sufficiently popular for the great majority of readers." This is said justly, though with some confidence. It is hardly within the space of our columns to make any lengthy extracts; we shall however present a few specimens to our readers which will at the same time, we have no doubt, recommend the work and afford information. The consequences resulting from introducing the organ at church is thus noticed:—

"The introduction of the organ into the Church at Rome by Pope Vitalian, [A.D. 671] led to an organization of the Gregorian chant for two voices. This was called discord; and it was gradually extended to three, four, and more voices: hence the terms *triplets*, *quadruple*, *medius*, *motet*, *quartet*, *quintet*, &c. These different forms of the chant were all written in notes of equal value or duration, and were the earliest forms of harmony. It was also called *counterpoint*, or point against point; and led the way to what is called figured harmony, in which notes of unequal duration are played or sung together. The term 'Mass' was applied to that music which was performed when this part of the service of the Romish Church was celebrated.

The following paragraph will not be uninteresting:—

"Franco, of Cologne, who flourished between 1020 and 1066, was the first writer who treats of measured notes; and the notation, in his time, comprised the double long, perfect long, imperfect long, the breve, and the semi-breve, with points to prolong their duration, and corresponding rests. For a century after his time there was little change in harmony, 'which may be attributed,' says M. Choron, 'to the crusades taking place about that time, and so completely occupying the attention of Europe.' Chromatic passages appear to have been first used about the commencement of the fourteenth century; and several musicians then began to give harmony a more agreeable form. The most distinguished of these, according to M. Fetis, ('Music Explained,' p. 170), were Francis Landino, surnamed Francisco Cicco, because he was blind, or Francisca d'egli Organi, on account of his skill on the organ, who flourished between 1350, and 1390, and James of Bologna. Subsequently, two musicians of the Flemish school, William Dufay, and Giles Binchois, with John Dunstable, an Englishman, who flourished in the early part of the fifteenth century, greatly augmented the stores of harmony, and led the way for those combinations which more modern composers have made."

The notice of Palestrina is not unworthy of insertion:—

"There was then living at Rome a young composer and singer, named Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina, from the place of his birth. He was a singer at the Pope's chapel, chapel-master of that of Santa Maria Maggiore, and the composer of several motets and masses which had been performed with great effect in the Pope's chapel. These masses afforded a strong contrast to those florid compositions in which sense was sacrificed to sound. Every syllable of the service could be distinctly heard; and owing to the fame they acquired him, to Palestrina was entrusted the task of composing a mass which might be regarded as a model, with respect to its simplicity and distinctness. He wrote three masses—one in E minor, the second in G major, the third in G. They were performed on the 25th of April, 1565, before the congregation of cardinals summoned by Vitellozzo, at his palace; and whilst all pleased, the third in particular called forth expressions of wonder and delight from every person who heard it. Palestrina was urged by the cardinals to persevere in this style. The idea of abolishing figural music in the Church was abandoned; and the third mass being performed on the 19th of June, before the Pope, and approved of by him, the composer—who, on the death of Giovanni Animuccia [A.D. 1571], was honored with the appointment of chapel-master of St. Peter's—proceeded *con amore* with his task; and not only completely reformed the Church music of the period, but established a standard, which few after writers have surpassed. He published twelve masses, with many motets, hymns, madrigals, magnificats, and other pieces, the principal characteristics of which are 'precision and clearness in the observance of the rules of harmony, grace and truth in expression, with pure taste and the noblest simplicity in modulation.' At his death [A.D. 1594] the musical world was plunged into deep affliction: the professors attended his funeral in great numbers, and sang his own composition, *Libera me Domine* over his grave. Few, comparatively, of the works of this eminent master have yet been published. Baini, the present master of the Sistine Chapel at Rome, has been long employed in collecting and collating them, and they are shortly to be published at Leipsic under his superintendence. They will also appear in London, under the auspices of the Chevalier Bunsen."

The critical remarks on Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, and Rossini are not exactly adapted to our feeling; nor has the author depended on his own opinion, quoting the *Quarterly Musical Review*, and other unknown sources, when we feel, he himself would have much more lucidly and felicitously exposed the mental diversities of these great composers. There is too much modesty here. The analysis of the three schools of music—German, Italian, and French—is carried out with care and judgment. A section of the review of the latter we think deserving of extraction:—

"The third epoch of French opera is usually dated from the arrival in France, in 1774, of Gluck, then in the zenith of his fame. This celebrated composer amalgamated the harmony and grandeur of German music on the flexible rhythm of France. At first he was violently opposed, but his popularity soon became unbounded; and the French, who said he had discovered the music of the ancient Greeks,

extolled him as the only musician in Europe who knew how to express the language of the passions. He brought out at Paris his *Iphigenia in Aulis*, which was represented a hundred and seventeen times in two seasons. The arrival in 1766, of Piccini, a Neapolitan, who had acquired great celebrity in Italy, as a composer of comic operas, excited an opposition to Gluck's music, and created another musical war in Paris. The whole community appeared to be divided into 'Gluckists' and 'Piccinists'; the young being chiefly for Piccini, the old for Gluck. This continued for some time, and finally ended in the palm of merit being awarded to each.

"The French school derived great advantage from this rivalry, as the frequent performance of good music rendered it familiar to the public, whose taste became elevated and refined, and the composers were obliged to write up to it. In France, there has never since been an absence of foreign composers—men of name and note—whose presence has excited the native musician to emulation. The Germans, Winter and Meyerbeer; the Italians, Sacchini, Spontini, Cherubini, and Rossini; the Irish Balfé—have composed some of their best operas in Paris, and they have received the most liberal treatment and encouragement from the French people. Their efforts have no doubt had a beneficial effect on the modern French school. Mehul (born at Givet in 1763, and who died in 1817), Boileau, who has been styled the Cimarosa of France (he died in 1834); Auber, who may be called its Rossini (born at Caen in 1794); Herold, Halevy, and others, have produced operas which may proudly take their stand in the first rank with those of their Italian and German cotemporaries. The gay and the grave are to be found in them, but the former predominates; and there are few lyrical compositions, which, for the beauty of their melodies, the skill of their concerted pieces, and the richness of their flowing harmonies, exceed the masterpieces of Auber and Boileau.

On the whole, we can recommend this little work, as a most desirable treatise to those who seek for musical information in the smallest possible compass of words. Were it more enlarged, or more speculative, it might have more pretensions, but would certainly be unsuited to the general mass of readers, for whom it has been avowedly compiled. "The Progress of Music" appears without a name, but the author need not fear to add his cognomen to the title page.

D. R.

Foreign Intelligence.

PARIS.—Madame Anna Thillon has arrived in this city. The Parisians are desirous she should be retained, but her London arrangements forbid her receiving any engagement. The most brilliant offers have reached her from many quarters; but there is no choice left her. Madame Thillon has entered into an engagement with the manager of Drury Lane, still more brilliant than that of last season.

—Mr. Mitchell, director of the French plays in London, is about to establish a French opera in the British capital. The principal cause of this determination is the great success of the late Brussels company.

—The vast theatre, called the Hippodrome, was opened to the public last week. It is 350 feet long, and will contain 20,000 persons.

—Carlotta Grisi made her second appearance in the *Peri*. Her reception was no less gracious and enthusiastic than the first. She created a tremendous sensation in her *pas de deux* in the first act with Petipa. Never was the *légèreté* and voluptuous grandeur of the charming *dansseuse* more exquisitely developed. Mademoiselle Sophie Dumilatre was also rapturously applauded.

—The *dansseuses Viennoises* are expected daily.

Provincial Intelligence.

BATH.—Mr. Distin and his four sons gave a concert yesterday morning at the Gothic Hall, Sydney Gardens. The peculiarity in their performances consisted in the introduction of the "Sax horns." The instrument thus distinguished possesses great sweetness and purity of tone, as well as considerable power, and must prove a valuable acquisition to the orchestra. Mr. H. Distin performed a very effective solo, in which the tones elicited were beautifully soft and mellow. A cantata by Beethoven, arranged for the Sax horns, performed by the Messrs. Distin, gave the audience an opportunity of judging of the combined effect of these instruments, which was every thing that could be wished—reminding us at times of the thrilling tones of a powerful organ. Miss Rebecca Isaacs sang, with much applause, several Italian and English songs.—This concert afforded us an opportunity of examining the new structure, erected by Mr. Watson, called the Gothic Hall. The *tout-ensemble* is gorgeous, and the details in admirable harmony.

GRAND MORNING CONCERT.—Mr. H. Simms has announced a grand morning concert for Thursday, the 28th instant, to be given at the Assembly Rooms, for which he has engaged some of the greatest Italian artists from Her Majesty's Theatre. The names of Madame Rossi-Caccia, Signora Brambilla, and Signor Moriani, are at once a guarantee for the high excellence of the vocalists. Miss Messent, from the Royal Academy of Music, is also named. The "*Musical World*" says of Madame Rossi-Caccia—"This eminent dramatic singer has great feeling and deep expression; her voice is a high soprano of much sweetness and flexibility." Signora Brambilla is a vocalist of established repute; whilst Signor Moriani has decidedly proved the greatest tenor who for many seasons has appeared at our own Italian opera—being pronounced by the best judges as the *first tenor in Europe*.—*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*.

LIVERPOOL.—The arrangements for recommencing the SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS are now nearly completed. Saturday, the 23rd instant, has been fixed as the opening night, and the veteran Abraham and his two sons are expected to appear the first evening.

LIVERPOOL.—Zoological Gardens.—Jullien's Concerts.—On Monday and Tuesday evenings, Mons. Jullien, with his unrivalled band, gave two grand concerts at the Zoological Gardens. The attendance, as might have been expected, with such attractions added to the ordinary *Fetes d'Ele*, was unusually great, there being upwards of seven thousand present. The music selected for the occasion was culled from some of the most popular operas, which, together with a great variety of new *musique dansante*, was performed in that masterly style which is so peculiarly and felicitously Jullien's own. The execution displayed by Sivori in his solos on the violin was most brilliant, and did not fail to elicit most rapturous encores. Mr. Richardson's solos on the flute were exquisitely melodious and well received. Herr Koenig's post-horn gallop was played with consummate taste. We are glad to learn that Monsieur Jullien is about to favor us with one of his famous musical prodigies, which lately set all London agog, except a *Concert Monstre*, which is to come off about the middle of the present month.

LIMERICK, August 9th.—Those charming vocalists Mrs. Alban Croft, Mr. Reeves, Mr. Croft, Mr. Morley, and Master Croft, have given three concerts this week at the Theatre Royal. And if crowded houses and enthusiastic applause be the criterion of unbounded success, then indeed may they be well satisfied with their visit to this city. The programmes consisted of selections from the most celebrated operas, the excellent performances of which were duly appreciated. The lovers of good music are anxiously looking forward to the return of this talented company in Oct., when they promise to bring out several first-rate operas, assisted by a very powerful and effective orchestra and chorus of their own. They leave for Glasgow on Monday morning, at which place they have accepted an engagement from Mr. Anderson, at the best Theatre Royal.

LIVERPOOL, August 8th.—Those who remember the attractions presented by the very excellent promenade concerts given by Messrs. Nicholson and Weston, the winter before last, will be glad to hear that another concert of the same character will be given in a short time. And we can promise that, great as the former attractions were, this will present features still more attractive. Mr. Alfred Nicholson, confessedly the second oboe player in England, and his brother, Mr. Henry Nicholson, who has been studying with most excellent effect under that celebrated flautist, Richardson, will both be in great force for the occasion. Mr. Smith, whose cornet piston playing is so rich, and so deservedly admired, will likewise be among the performers; as also Mr. Page, of Leamington, the eminent valze composer.—*Leicester Journal*.

Miscellaneous.

HER MAJESTY AND PRINCE ALBERT left London on Saturday afternoon, and proceeding direct to Woolwich, embarked on board the Victoria and Albert Royal Steam Yacht. At an early hour on Sunday morning the yacht got under weigh and sailed for Antwerp. Her Majesty will proceed to Buhl, where she will be entertained for two days by the King of Prussia. From thence, accompanied by the King and Queen of Prussia, the Royal party direct their route by Bonn to Stolzenfels, a small castle on the Rhine, near Coblenz, also belonging to the King of Prussia. Here the royal party will remain two days, proceeding thence *via* Mayence, Frankfurt, Wurtzburg, and Bamberg, on to Cobourg and Gotha. Beyond this nothing is at present known.

GABRIELLI AND THE EMPRESS CATHARINE OF RUSSIA.—"What are we to do for this young beauty?" said the Empress, "who comes from Naples expressly for us; or rather, my child, speak—what terms do you expect for your engagement at our court?" "Madame," Gabrielli replied, "I perceive I shall be obliged to be at considerable expense for furs this winter, and as I am poor, shall I ask your Majesty too much if I say 20,000 roubles?" At this demand the brow of the empress lowered, a slight flush was visible on her cheeks, and her eyes glittered—but it was only for a moment. "Nevertheless, I (continues Gabrielli) was afraid, and I regretted my words; but, woman like, I would not for the world have withdrawn them in the presence of the young officer, who was then gazing on me with such interest." "Twenty thousand roubles!" exclaimed Catherine; "do you know what you ask, child? For twenty thousand roubles I can have two field-m Marshals!" "In that case, perhaps, your Majesty will engage two field-m Marshals that can sing," I replied, in the most deliberate manner imaginable. I do not know what possessed me—it must have been some evil spirit, for as I uttered the words I saw my fate balancing between Siberia and the Hermitage. But my good fortune saved me. "You are bold, young woman," said the empress; and then quickly resuming the pleasant smile with which she first greeted me, "but go," she said; "go, and consider yourself as two field-m Marshals."

SPOHR THE COMPOSER.—A letter from Berlin, of the 1st instant, states that M. Spohr the composer, who is at present in that city, on his way to Bonn, to superintend the rehearsals for the musical fete at the inauguration of Beethoven's monument, has been treated with great consideration by all classes. The King, who was to depart the next day for the Rhine, when he heard of his arrival immediately sent him an invitation to dine with the royal circle, and during the evening paid him most marked attention. The next day, M. Meyerbeer gave him a grand dinner at the Hotel de Kroll, at which all the musical notabilities of the place were invited to meet him. The evening after M. Spohr's new opera, called the *Croises*, was performed, the maestro himself conducting, and was received with great applause. At the end of the piece he was loudly called for, and he was obliged to appear on the stage, where he was saluted with a number of crowns of laurel. The letter states that a grand fete is also to be offered him at Potsdam.—(*Morning Post*.)

MISS MESSENT is engaged at the York Philharmonic, on the 19th instant. She will sing in conjunction with the Brambilla and Moriani party, at Southampton, on the 22nd, and Winchester on the 23rd.

THE DISTIN FAMILY.—The celebrated Sax-Horn players have been starring it at Bath with great eclat. Notwithstanding the badness of the weather, their concerts, six in number, have been crowded to excess. Miss Rebecca Isaacs has been singing with them, and has been most favorably received. On Monday and Tuesday they gave two concerts at the Theatre Royal, Bristol. They are further engaged at Uxbridge, where they perform in conjunction with the Misses Williams, Messrs. Machin, John Parry, and Birch: also at Birmingham, on the 21st, with the Grisi party. Their services are further retained at Caernarvon, Bangor, and Beaumaris; for six concerts at Shrewsbury, and others elsewhere of which we have no especial notice.

THE PAS DE QUATRE.—Alfred Chalon has just completed for Mr. Mitchell, of Bond Street, a series of designs to record at once the celebrated *Pas de Quatre*, and the last *adieu* of Taglioni. There are few things more difficult than to give permanency to impressions, however strong they may have been at the moment; yet that this has been done in the present instance, no man who has seen the drawings we speak of will doubt. The archness and grace that form the peculiar characteristics of Taglioni's style are faithfully depicted in the sketches from the *Sylphide*, and the *Pas de Quatre* is a gem; albeit the *Chalonesque* school is obvious in both. In the latter the prominence is given to Taglioni, though the likeness is far better in Cerito. Lucile Grahn and Carlotta Grisi might also have been more like the originals; but these defects, we think, are still capable of being remedied, and we dare say that before the drawings are transferred to the stone the improvement will have been effected. The grouping throughout is admirable; and we much doubt if there be an amateur of taste who will not be anxious to possess himself of the lithographs from those graceful drawings. We understand that Her Majesty and Her Royal and Gallant Consort have ordered their copies to be forwarded to them in Germany.—(*Morning Post*.)

HERR STAUDIGL, the favourite basso and eminent artist, will assist at the grand musical festivities of the inauguration of Beethoven's monument at Bonn. He had also received an especial invitation from his Majesty the King of Prussia, through Meyerbeer, to be at the Castle of Stolzenfels, for the various concerts to be given in honour of our Queen during her visit there. He is expected in London again by the 20th inst., for the forthcoming Worcester festivals. His friend Albert Schloss has also concluded for him several provincial engagements. On the 1st of September he is engaged to join the Madame Castellan, Miss Dolby, Brizzi, and Fornasari party at Manchester for a grand concert, at which each artist will sing some of the national songs of their own country. And for the 3rd of September his talent is retained by the Classical Choral Society at Clifton, to assist at the performance of Haydn's great work, the "Creation." Miss Rainforth, who is an especial favourite there, is also engaged for the occasion. Herr Staudigl is also engaged in company with the great-pianist, Leopold de Meyer, to give an evening concert at Brighton, the first week in September. Their services have been retained by Mr. A. McCarroll.

THE MESSIAH.—A most beautiful and unique copy of this sublime oratorio, as a companion to the festivals, has just been published (see advertisement) which may be carried in the hand with all the convenience of a common prayer-book, and referred to during the performance. No one intending to be present at the approaching festivals should attend without this unique, cheap, and portable companion.

THE MANAGER of the Italian Opera House at Paris has engaged for the winter season Signor Malvezzi, a tenor, Mdle. Teresina Brambilla, and Signor (formerly *Monsieur*) Derivis, to sing in the "Nabucco" with Ronconi; also Mdle. Jenny Librandi, as second *soprano*.

TO THE NOTICE of the Coblenz festivals in preparation for Her Majesty, may be added, that the attendance of MM. Staudigl and Fischek has been commanded—the latter singer having been expressly "invited" to renounce his engagement at Vienna for that purpose.—At Berlin, an ordinance of the Minister of the Interior has directed the foundation of a Dramatic School, for the purpose of supplying the theatres of that capital with actors, in the various departments of the drama.

MADAME HASSEL BARTH has reached Vienna, and will make her first appearance in that capital early in August. She has quite recovered from her late severe indisposition.

MUSARD has given two concerts at Brussels this week, with an orchestra of 150 performers. The attendance on both occasions was exceedingly numerous.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER's success has been so great at the Haymarket, as to induce the manager to extend his engagement to another week. His performance nightly elicits the most enthusiastic plaudits, and an inevitable encore.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—The Licensed Victuallers Fancy Fair attracted an overflowing gardens on Tuesday. Musard's splendid band of 100 performers, under the able direction of Mr. Willy, executed the National Airs of England with their usual ability. The Duke of York's School band was in attendance. We must not omit to notice the taste and arrangements of that splendid effective Yager brass display by Mr. T. Lewes, being composed of first-rate talent; as a brass band it stands unrivalled. A very pretty Bacchanalian ballet was produced in the Rotunda, expressly for the occasion, with new dress appointments and some well executed scenery—the dances by Mr. Tunour, the ballet master, are in good taste. The entertainments concluded with the Golden Temple of Honan, and Feast of Lanterns, in the Hall of Celestial Kings, by some young artists of promise, the Messrs. Adams, surpassing any thing we ever beheld at these gardens.

MISS BARRETT left London on Saturday last, to fulfil a provincial engagement. She sings at Gloucester, and afterwards proceeds to Birmingham, where she is retained for Mr. Machin's concert, and returns in the early part of September to her metropolitan duties.

DE FOLLY'S NEW PIANOFORTE.—The principle upon which M. De Folly, an accomplished practical musician, has constructed his instrument, is a uniform distribution of its semitones throughout the scale, by means of keys alternately raised and depressed, of the same form as those already constituting the key-board of the pianoforte. The object of the inventor is to render the action of the fingers uniform, in whatever key the performer may find himself. This is done by two positions of the hand only, instead of the multiplied *poses* hitherto necessary. This novel construction not only facilitates the performance, but extends the range of musical combinations, by placing at the command of the player a large number of notes, without distortion of the hand, or disturbance of its position. To attain the average amount of proficiency upon this new instrument (it is stated) not more than one tenth of the labour demanded by the older will be required: though how this is made out we are unable to say.

THE NEW TRANSPOSING PIANOFORTE.—This invention is from the manufactory of M. Mercier, of Paris. A patent has been taken out for the sale of the instrument in this country by Messrs. Addison and Hodson of Regent-street; and a pamphlet is now before us, published by the patentees, detailing the objects of the invention, which is to facilitate the transposition of all music, whether vocal or instrumental, connected with the pianoforte. This result is attained by a contrivance both ingenious and simple. Hitherto, we believe, the key-board of the pianoforte has invariably formed one end of the levers, communicating with the wires, the keys thus forming part of the main action. With M. Mercier's machinery it is different. Here the levers are brought under the key-board, and having a horizontal movement, right and left, given to them, can thus, at the will of the performer, be placed under any scale on the key-board within the range of the transposing power, which comprises ten semi-tones; five upwards and five downwards. The effect of this invention is obvious. A singer wishes, for example, to transpose a song from the key of E down to that of C. The levers communicating with the scale of C on the wires are moved upwards to that of E on the key-board; and thus while the song is still sung in the original scale as indicated on the paper and the keys, the sound is transposed to the desired pitch, and this result is produced without moving either the key-board, or any part of the internal action, except the bare levers, or sticks, which connect the keys with the rest of the movement. We need not dwell on the importance of this invention. "During the last fifteen years," says Mr. Calcott, the author of the above pamphlet, "an almost incredible mass of music has been transposed to meet the wants of the musical public—amounting, in many cases, to two, three, or even four editions of the same song in various scales. It has frequently happened that nearly half an opera has been re-engraved for the purpose of transposition. In short, every popular modern opera has indisputably proved the need and value of some transposing power adapted to the pianoforte: a single fact will illustrate this. A popular Italian song was published in an inconvenient key, and to supply the demand for it in a more useful scale, about three hundred copies of it were sold in manuscript, by one publisher only."—p. 4. But although the singer and accompanist will derive the chief advantage from this instrument, the pianoforte soloist will be considerably benefited by it. "From the construction of the black keys, many passages in which they are used are difficult to the performer, although the same passages become quite easy when played without their interference. A child who can play the scale of C only, can, by means of this invention, directly play on any other scale."—p. 6. Thus a large portion of the labour hitherto expended in acquiring the power to play in the difficult and abstruse keys, will be saved to the student; and a great deal of music, originally composed in these scales, has already been printed in the easier ones. "To the composer," adds Mr. Calcott, "this invention offers many advantages, for songs are frequently transposed by the publishers on account of the difficulty of the key to the performer. This instrument allows the easy key to be retained, and yet the power is possessed to make the song sound in the author's original scale. Mr. J. B. Cramer considers this as a most important point."—p. 9. To this testimony we have only to add, that the new instrument has already found its way to the palace; and that we have heard that the demand for the "Royal Albert Pianoforte" is increasing at a greater rate than the patentees can supply it.—(*Railway Bell*.)

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

We have waited until the last moment for a letter from our own correspondent at Bonn, which, not having arrived, we are compelled to proceed with the timely publication of our journal. A FULL and ACCURATE account of the whole proceeding of the Beethoven inauguration will be given in our next number.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. ROWLANDS of Liverpool is informed that the information he requires may be ascertained by referring to the NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS at the heading of the first page.

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